

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 471.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 2.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music

Sketches of French Musical History.

XII.

THE CHANSON AND VAUDEVILLE.

1050—1860.

According to Berquin, in the *Petite Encyclopédie poétique*, the *Romance de Roland* is the earliest piece of verse known in the French language. This song of war, which of yore animated the soldiers of Charlemagne when marching to combat, gave way very soon to the romance of love which flourished among the Provençal Troubadours. From Provence, the "gay science" spread into Languedoc, then into Picardy and shortly after even into Normandy. About 1050 the joyous science was known throughout France. As poets of the middle ages we have already cited the names, Abelard, Helinand, and Thibaut Count of Champagne. The courts of love became numerous in the 12th and 13th centuries, and the *Roman de la Rose* appeared.

On tout l'art d'amour est enclose.

This fine old poem began by Guillaume de Lorris, who died in 1262, was finished by Jean de Meung, surnamed Clopinel.

In 1324 the celebrated Clemence Isaire founded at Toulouse the Academy of the "Jeux floraux" which is still in existence.* Under Charles V. (of France) a new impulse was given to literature; the royal Library was founded—containing then only 900 volumes. Soon after, Alain Chartier, (born 1386, died 1458) gained the title Father of French eloquence. To him the old story refers, of a poet, who one day sleeping in a gallery of the Palace, was kissed by Margaret of Scotland, wife of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI). The maids of honor expressing their surprise at such honor being conferred upon the poet, Margaret replied, "I do not kiss the man but the lips, which flow with such sweet and beautiful thoughts."

Martin Franc, author of the *Champion des Dames* and Francois Villon, celebrated for his ballets and rondos, flourished in the time of Charles VIII. Georges Châtelain, educated at the court of the Dukes of Burgogne, Guillaume Coquillard an official at Reims, René d'Anjou, Count of Provence, and Clement Marot a pupil of Villon, successively attracted the public attention. Jean le Maire born in 1473, Octavien and Melin de Saint-Gelais, came upon the scene a little before the birth of Francis I., which took place at Cognac, Sept. 12, 1494. Of this gallant and cultivated king's epoch the poetical works now most esteemed are those of Bonaventure Desperiers, Marguerite de Valois, Clement Marot and Ronsard. The latter, born in the Vendôme in 1525, received, as a present from the magistracy of Toulouse, a Minerva wrought in massive silver. A celebrated club in the time of Charles IX., called the *Pléiade*, consisted of Ronsard,

Jodelle, du Bellay, Baif, Thyard, Belleau and Dorat. It was to Ronsard that the verses of Charles IX. were addressed:—

Tous deux je les également nous portons des couronnes,
Mais, roi, je les reçois; poète, tu les donnes.

At length Malherbe comes and then the poets of the great century: Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine, Racine, Boileau; in the 18th century, Voltaire, by his fecundity, wit and facility ruled the French literary world. The chanson [song, ditty] which had reached great perfection in the 17th century in the rhymes of Master Adam, a carpenter at Nevers, who died in 1662, came into new life in the last century in the merry numbers of Collé, Favart, Gallet, Lattaignant, Florian, Panard, Piron, Vadé and Marmontel. Moncrief and Berquin wrote delicious romances, and this form of poetry—so often wrecked on the rock of insipidity—has been continued to our own day by the labors of Romagnesi, Berat, Masini, Panseiron, Loisa Puget, Paul Henrion, Etienne Arnaud, &c.

But the chanson got the better of the romance. By turns gallant, erotic, bacchinal, satyric and moral, it gained new life at the dinners *du caveau* [of the wine cellar] founded in 1773 by Piron, Crebillon the younger and Collé. This Society which at first met at Gallet's, was increased by the addition of Crebillon the Elder, Sallé, Fuzelier, Saurin, Duclos, La Bruère, Bernard, Moncrief, Boucher, Helvetius and Rameau; it afterwards transferred its *Penates* to the rue de Buci, not far from the café Procope, near the carrefour.

This epicurian association lasted ten years. In 1762, it was revived by Piron, Crebillon the younger and Bernard, and met at the cabaret de Landelle. The most distinguished members during the second period of its existence were Panard, Laujon, Lemière, Favart, Colardeau, Vadé, Dorneval, Salieri, Goldoni, Freron, Delille the writer of fables, Philidor, Albanèse and Vernet. Crebillon suppressed the penalty of a glass of water, to which authors of epigrams either unjust or silly had previously been sentenced. A rolling fire of joke and jest filled up the sitting, and all was wit, gaiety and humor. This club continued but five years. Then come the chanson writers of the transition period, Garnier, Laborde, Lattaignant, Bouffiers and Parny.

Sept. 22, 1796 the first of the Vaudeville dinners took place. Of the twenty-two members of this jolly company the more distinguished were Laujon, Piis, Barré, Radet, the three Segurs, Armand Gouffé, Dupaty, Dieulafoi. The breakfasts of the "Garçons de bonne humeur"—jolly companions—were eaten by a club of ten persons, Etienne, Desaugiers, Sewrin, Perisus, etc.

Dec. 20, 1805, the dinners of the *caveau moderne* were established, which given on the 20th of each month at the Rocher de Cancale. Piis, Laujon, Cadet-Gassicourt, Gouffé, Desaugiers, Jouy, Ducrai-Duminil were the heroes of this monthly meeting. Beranger was admitted

member in 1813, and the year following succeeded Gouffé as perpetual secretary. But the events of 1815 put an end to the *Caveau moderne*. A second series of meetings began in 1825 at Lemardelay's under the presidency of the witty Desaugiers.

In 1835, a new *Caveau* club was formed at the instance of Albert de Montémont. The Ancelets and Scribes have not desisted to join these witty and interesting meetings, where excellent wine fires the spirit and warms the feeling of friendship. But now, the goodhearted Desaugiers and the immortal Beranger have departed leaving their mantle to Gustave Nadaud, incontestably the most remarkable of our present writer of chansons. At the same time poet, musician, singer and accompanist, he by his fourfold talents is a worthy heir of his many and illustrious predecessors.

The chanson, that eminently national product of the French mind, was parent of the Vaudeville. The invention of this form, is generally attributed to Oliver Basselin, a fuller at Vire in Normandy, who lived about 1450. The Chansons of this author used to be sung at the foot of a hill called *les Vaux*, which rose from the shore of river *Vire*. The words *Vaux de Vire* became by corruption *Vaudeville*. The chansons of Basselin were revised in the next century by Jean le Houx.

The Vaudeville is essentially of a satyric character; hence the saying, that Ancient France was a monarchy moderated by chansons. The court, the members of the Parliament and high personages were always exposed to the rhymes. They all declared war against the chansons and their authors. Then the comedies made upon the events of the day or upon scandalous anecdotes took the name of Vaudeville. At a later date the same term was applied to the couplets sung in turn by the actors at the close of a play.

But the Vaudeville, properly so called in our day, originated in the Italian comedy and at the fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent. And so followed chronologically the theatres of the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Palais-Royal, &c.

In 1737, Panard brought out at the Fair of St. Germain a piece entitled *Le Vau-deville*. Momus opened the play with his daughter dressed in a costume representing the Fair. She tells her father that she is sad because she loves the Vaudeville, which is a kind of literature which the comic opera will not recognize. Momus consols his daughter and obtains the consent of Bacchus and Joy, father and mother of the Vaudeville. Upon which she, in her character of the Fair of St. Germain, puts on an advocates robe and pleads the cause of the Vaudeville before Apollo; she proves that it has been well received every where else, that it is droll, playful satyric, amusing, witty, in short that it will please as well in the city as in the village. Fully convinced,

* This academy offers a prize for the discussion of the question, "Why in our times does the high comedy disappear from the stage, and give place to hasty improvised dramas in which morality is no less outraged than Art?"

Apollo issues a decree by which the vaudeville is put in possession of all the rights of Parnassus.

Sedaine, who detested this kind of play, afterwards introduced into one of his comic operas, a song expressing his detestation of the *Amours d'été* and the *Vendangeurs*, vaudevilles by Piis and Barré, which were then attracting crowds to the Italian comedy. This song* led Piis and Barré to build the Vaudeville theatre. But we must go back. In the "Theatre Italien" of Gherardi (Paris, 1717), there are few songs; in the "Nouveau Theatre Italien" (Paris, 1773), there is a considerable number of very pretty vaudevilles.

About 1739 Favart devised the 'pastoral' or village vaudeville. *Annette et Lubin* had a fine success. The verses were not without affectation, but were written with elegance.

In 1780 Piis and Barré gave the vaudeville new and vigorous life. Down to that period prose and verse had been mingled, Piis made vaudevilles entirely in verse. His essays were well received and at the comedie Italienne were played successively *Les Amours été*, *Les Vendangeurs*, and *La Veillée villageoise*. But Sedaine, who was giving melodramas, was disgusted with the success of the vaudevilles, and his strenuous opposition led by degrees to the disappearance of the vaudeville from the posters of the comedie Italienne. The first work of this form by Panard, Piron, Favart, Vadé, Lesage, d'Orneval, Fuselier, Anseaume, &c., were played at the fair of St. Laurent. The comic opera having been joined with the Italian theatre, the vaudeville was subordinated there to Italian pieces, to pieces with ariettes, to comedies and dramas, and was thus at length driven from that stage. The verses of Sedaine, spoken of above, led to the establishment of the theatre in the rue de Chartres. Piis having sought and been refused a moderate salary at the Italian comedy conceived the idea in 1790 of removing to another theatre. There was at the time in the rue de Chartres a ball-room called the Winter Vaudeville. Here the architect Lenoir built the Theatre Vaudeville, which was opened Jan. 12, 1792 with a piece by Piis in 3 acts entitled *Les Deux Pantheons*. Barré, Monnier and Chambon became associated with Piis and Rosières in carrying on the undertaking. Radet, Desfontaines, the two Segurs and others, soon began to write for it. During the revolutionary period Radet and Desfontaines were imprisoned six months for a bold sentence in their *Chaste Susanne*; they had put into the mouth of the judge the following words addressed to the two elders; "you are accusers, and cannot therefore be judges." The entire audience saw in this an allusion to the case of Maria Antoinette, whose trial was then in preparation. The two authors finally gained their liberty by some verses of a different tenor. It was long the custom at the vaudeville upon occasions of a new piece to sing a sort of a prologue, which was often written to celebrate this or that remarkable circumstance, and the two imprisoned poets took such an occasion to gain their freedom.

Fanchon la vieilleuse, a piece by Bouilly and

* Bonhomme Vaudeville
Laissez-nous donc tranquilles,
Amusez-nous par vos propos
Et par vos jolis madrigaux;
Mais ne quittez pas vos hameaux
Bonhomme Vaudeville.

Joseph Pain had a prodigious success. Madame Belmont created the beautiful part of Fanchon by her talented performance. Dieulafoi, Desaugiers, Moreau, Francis, Rougemont, Dumersan, Theaulon, Dartois, Dupaty, Merle, de Jouy, Dupin, &c., brought out at this theatre parodies and satyric pieces of exceeding piquancy. Virginie Dejaset and Jenny Vertpré distinguished themselves among the first comic actresses of their time.

In 1816 Desaugiers became director of the Vaudeville. Then Scribe came upon the scene, and with him a new generation of authors; Melesville, Delestre-Poirson, Mazeres, Carmouche, de Courcy, Saintine, Bayard, Dupeuty, de Vilneuve, Vanderburch, Delaurie, Sauvage and others. In 1819 Delestre-Poirson obtained the Gymnase and drew Scribe thither, who wrote at that time his charming *Repertoire du Theatre de Madame*. De Guerry and Bernard-Leon succeeded Desaugiers, and they were followed by Etienne Arago in 1829. Then followed the dramatic successes of M. and Madame Ancelot, and in 1838 the Vaudeville Theatre in the rue de Chartres was destroyed by fire. At present the Vaudeville is established in the theatre on the place de la Bourse formerly occupied by comic opera.

[Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music by THOMAS RYAN.]

A Cure Effected by Music.

The imagination has often played an important part in medical cures, and our most celebrated physicians do not hesitate to make use of some ingenious ruse to help and cure invalids. It would be easy to multiply the examples of happy effects obtained with pills of micapanis, aqua saccharifera and the use of twenty other substances, insignificant in themselves and without any virtue in pharmacy. The greater part of the so-called miracles effected by homoeopathy and the infinitesimal doses employed by it, have no other cause than the effect produced on the minds of invalids by the attraction of the marvelous and by strong faith.

Be that as it may, Dr. Gorré Gassicourt corresponding member of the Academy of Medicine, has communicated to that learned body, a curious and somewhat dramatic case in which the art of Thalberg and Batta has replaced the purging and bleeding so much laughed at by Moliere, who we know consulted his physician, following none of his directions and yet became perfectly well. It is not enough known that Moliere was as hypochondriac as he was jealous and in railing so much at the "malade imaginaire" and "les Maris ridicules" he reproduced and mocked his own weakness.

Let us return to Dr. Gassicourt, whose little work is entitled, "Some Generalities on the Subject of Medicine of the Mind."

After having developed some very ingenious and true ideas on moral effects as a means of cure, Mr. Gassicourt recounts the following:—

"In June 1837, I was called into an English family of which I was the medical adviser, to see a young lady of sixteen or seventeen, who had been recently brought from England, and whose health caused her family the most serious fears. Having tried every expedient, the doctors advised her removal to the continent, hoping for some benefit from the change of air. I found my young patient in bed; she had not quitted it for two months. Her complexion was as white as ivory, blue eyes deeply sunken and without any life, hollow cheeks, lips without color, voice completely gone, everything betokened profound decay. To my questions she only replied by monosyllables, and when I wished to

feel her pulse, she could hardly raise her arm to allow me so to do. A constant fever sapped her drop by drop and a few spoonfuls of broth was all that for several weeks her stomach consented to admit.

The peculiar character of her physiognomy, indicated to me some moral malady, some heart trouble. I was not mistaken. A brother, tenderly beloved by the young girl, had three months before, lost his life while sea-bathing; she received the distressing news without a sigh or even shedding a tear. Since that terrible day, she had fallen into this mournful, deaf and dumb state, that Montaigne speaks of, when overwhelmed by accidents beyond our power of bearing up under.

What had been done thus far for her? Medicine of course had not the slightest success, the most affectionate care, the language of heart, even the recitation made by my advice, of the unhappy event that had so terribly stricken that young soul, affected her not at all, and it seemed impossible to renew the delicate thread so nigh breaking, of that existence but lately so rich in the future and so full of hope. To escape from that concentration of the grief that was slowly but surely undermining the springs of life, required so e shock, a movement of expansion, something to break up the centralisation of thought; anything that loosens grief and will cause tears to flow, following the expression so true of Montaigne, gives release to the soul, separates it more at large and puts it at ease.

I wished to cure my young patient. The wish, in the practice of medicine often gives the power. The idea came into my mind to inquire if she was anything of a musician, they told she loved music passionately. For that reason, replied I, she must love the best music. Mozart and Beethoven completely possess her! Good, cried I, Beethoven and Mozart will save her! They thought I was dreaming, but allowed me full play. That same evening, at the desire of the patient, a piano was installed in the adjoining room, and the next day during my visit, while seated at her bed side, the *marcia funebre* by Beethoven, played with a sentiment worthy of the work, revealed itself all at once to our ears.

While charmed myself by that admirable piece, written by the master under heavenly inspiration, I followed and studied with an anxiety easy to comprehend, on the visage of my fair patient, the expression of the sensations that were working within her. Inert at first, I soon saw attention depicted on her physiognomy; then, like a flower exposed to the rays of the sun brightening on its stem, her head, lowered the instant before, was now raised. She listened! Suddenly her eyes sparkled with an unusual light, her cheeks were white and red by turns, her respiration became freer and more frequent tears in abundance (the first shed since the deplorable catastrophe) fell mingled with sobs; at last, convulsively agitated a cry escaped, "Let her come!" and immediately her arms opened to give a sisterly embrace to the dear friend who had just caused her to taste the unexpected benefits of those delicious emotions. From that day, her life was saved, Mozart and Beethoven aiding, for music, you may well believe was not abandoned. I could follow with pleasure the gradual coming back of strength and vigor to her frame. Some weeks after, my young patient, her mind serene, happy to return again to that life which is so charming at sixteen, beautified with all the graces of her age, left France and returned to the mother country, leaving in my memory an impression the most profound, yet the sweetest perhaps, that a physician can enjoy in the exercises of his profession.

Behold the power of music; behold another example of the marvels performed by the medicine of the heart. S. HENRI BERTHOUD.

Rossini at Home.

When in Paris for a few days last week, I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation from Rossini to attend his Saturday evening reception, a musical levée, at which all artists and professors of distinction assemble weekly to pay their respects to the illustrious musician.

Rossini lives on the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in a magnificent suite of apartments, *au seconde*. It is here he holds his court surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant women, whose wit and conversation are more sparkling than the diamonds of any duchess in St. Germain, and a host of chevaliers, from whose button holes dangle the gaudy decorations of every potentate in Europe. The hour of reception is nine o'clock, the amusement of the evening, music; no tea or coffee, no ices are allowed; the entertainment is purely intellectual, practically musical. And the tea and coffee are not missed; the music and *bon mots* of the amiable host offered far more enjoyment than the most refreshing ice.

The principal salons are thrown open to the guests. As I entered the first room, and tried to make my way through the crowd which blocked up the entrance to the music hall, peering over the shoulders of the visitors, I saw Rossini seated at the pianoforte, accompanying the Sisters Marchisio in a duet he has composed for his two *protégées*. In a brown shooting jacket of the loosest fit imaginable, the sleeves almost covering the tips of the fingers, a very bad wig, nearly of the same color as the coat, the figure at the pianoforte might, at first sight, have been taken for that of an old country gentleman retired from public life, and fattening to any extent upon the rich produce of his goodly acres. But wait awhile. The duet has but just begun. Let the accompanist warm up. His indolence leaves him, he sits erect, and becomes excited. See how the loose sleeves flap about, look at the drops of perspiration on his forehead, observe the fire and brilliancy of his eye as he turns round to each of the singers, urging them to a greater effort, in some crescendo passages or cadenza.

Yes, there's genius in that figure at the pianoforte, now no longer resembling an old country gentleman, but easily to be identified as that of Rossini. The duet finished amid the most enthusiastic applause of the assembled guests, applause perhaps heartier and louder than is usual at an evening party. Bravo maestro! Bravo da vero! Everybody crowded round the host as he left the pianoforte to go to his own particular chair in the adjoining room. There was a pause in the music. The courtiers busied themselves with congratulating the two sisters, and through them saying a word of flattery to the composer, who every now and then convulsed the room with laughter by some witty remark, which would be carefully noted in the pocket-book of a *soi-disant* wit, to be the next day retailed as his own.

After a short interval, Badiali and Solieri sung the duet from "Il Barbiere," then Badiali volunteered the bass song in the "Stabat," after which a very clever amateur, whose name is, I think, Sampieri, joined Solieri in the Elisire duet, and nearly eclipsed the tenor by his remarkable skill in managing a very fine voice and effective declamation.

Seated next Rossini was an elderly lady, slim in figure, and somewhat wrinkled in feature. She wore what I believe called a *robe montante*, and evidently was averse to crinoline. She was familiarly addressed by some as Marietta. "Who is that vivacious matron to whom everybody pays so much attention?" "That," said my friend, "is Madame Taglioni." "Not the Taglioni, the celebrated sylphide?" "Yes the same." I looked again, and fancied I could just trace a resemblance in the elderly lady in the black silk dress to that portrait of a *dansuse*, standing in an impossible position on one leg, which hangs in Mitchell's shop in Bond Street, covered with the dust of ages. It was a difficult task, the portrait having on a *robe montante* the very reverse of that which the lady wore who was before me.

Another celebrity of a time gone by was also present—Carafa, the composer of *La Prigione d'Edinburgo*, *Le Valet de Chambre*, and a hundred other operas now forgotten, the delight of a former generation.

The old gentleman is far from being in the same excellent condition as his comrade Rossini, but he nevertheless appears to enjoy life, and to carry his age remarkably lightly. Rossini having listened attentively to the songs and duets mentioned, sent his *cara sposa*, one of the most active housewives I ever met with, to request the Marchisios to sing again. They complied, and he led them to the pianoforte, introducing them to different visitors as they went along in the most eulogistic terms. This time he did not accompany, but stood by and encouraged the young artists with many a "bravo" and smile

of approbation. Eleven o'clock was drawing near, and at that hour the "Reception" always terminates.

The last performance of the evening was by M. Nadaud, who sang some wonderfully lengthy French songs with a sweet voice and great expression.

Then every one prepared to go. Rossini had a kind good-night for all. In passing through the ante-room he showed me Dantan's two caricature statues of himself and Meyerbeer, in which he is represented sitting in a dish of macaroni, hugging a lyre and Meyerbeer as writing for dear life half a dozen operas at once. Rossini seemed to enjoy the joke, and to chuckle at his own idleness compared to the constant activity of Meyerbeer.

MR. W. H. FRY.—In the *N. Y. Albion* we find the following kindly notice of Mr. W. H. Fry, the newly appointed Secretary of Legation at Turin.

We refer to Mr. W. H. Fry, the composer of innumerable works that have received encomium in these columns, notably of the opera of "Leonora," which was played not long since at the Academy of Music; of a very fine "Stabat Mater," which has not yet received any attention from music-givers; and of several symphonies played by Julien's Band here and in Europe, with invariable success. Mr. Fry, in addition to being a musician, was also a critic. We are humble enough to believe that he has never received his proper reward for what he has done in the cause of Art. But he was also a politician, and genius, even when perverted, is still a power in the land. For making sundry speeches, he has been chosen by his country as a representative of its dignity abroad. The only satisfaction the writer of these lines enjoys is that he is sent to a musical land. Mr. Fry's official residence will be in Turin—the capital of United Italy. The country loses a composer and critic of the first class, and gains a diplomat. Shall we be pardoned if we add that in our judgment the country gets decidedly the worst of the bargain! Do you not see that, whilst there are hordes of diplomats, there are but few masters of the "divine art," and—it is vanity to add—no flux and overflow of gentlemen who, by natural aptitude, education, and susceptibility, are capable of wielding a truthful and fearless pen in the cause of Art.

Critics are so often and so much occupied with mild complainings ament the grievances of others, that they seldom find time to think of their own;—never to speak of them. But behind the trenchant pen often fags a wearied mind. That æsthetic nonentity, created by the mandates of taste, who plods from day to day steadily through a world of mediocrities to the goal where comparative criticism is no longer human, has a heart for which no one gives him credit, filled with tender yearnings, asking for sympathy but winning contempt, insisting on justice but brewing hatred. Among the thousands who criticise criticism, how few are there who think of the critic. What indeed, asks the artist, is a critic but a miserable maggot of the brain who crawls through ideas to spoil them; who takes a fancy and batters it with a fact; who seizes an illusion and flattens it out with a reality. To each of that army of musicians, actors, and painters, who has not been praised more than ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the critic is worse than a superfluity. It is only to the art public that he is a necessity; a portion of the daily meal, a fragment of the early breakfast. He comes punctually like the milk in the morning, and perhaps is not much more invigorating. But, Messieurs the public, that punctuality is the test of his faithfulness, and is purchased with health, even life itself. To secure it, he toils long into the night until his eyes grow dim and the buzz of the yellow flickering gas sounds like the drone of the Fates in his ear. His reward is either absolute oblivion, or the public contumely of those it has been his misfortune to assail. He is never out of his coat of type; never without an enemy to point out how ridiculous it is. Could we strip it off, we should find beneath a kindly human creature with every generous impulse to lead a helping hand to the weak and struggling—and doing it more often than people believe, too; we should find sometimes a sentinel who has grown faint with long watching, we should find in short a gentleman like Mr. Fry, broken in health but strong in purpose, hopeful of the future, but weary, very weary of the present.

To a brother journalist and critic, who has fought nobly in the cause, and retires from the field disabled but covered with honors; to a gentleman of wide attainments and wide susceptibilities, and to a composer of distinguished merit, the critic of this paper pays his homage, and expresses the hope that warmth of an Italian sky may quickly restore him to health. Italy is the mother of Art. It is well that the children of art should go there for comfort and strength in their hour of trial.

Church Music in New York.

The Madison Avenue Baptist Church, built for the society of Rev. Dr. Hague, was completed and dedicated in January last. It is a very handsome brick edifice, and contains a new and superior toned organ of 36 stops, built by Henry Erben, at a cost of \$5000, the peculiar qualities of which were exhibited on Monday evening last, by Mr. Morgan of Grace Church, to a large and select audience. The regular organist of the church, Mr. John H. Thompson, is an amateur player, and pupil of Wm. A. King; he has been in Europe, studying music, for the past three years, and is yet quite a young man, but bids fair to become, in time, one of our first organists. The choir is made up as follows: soprano, Miss Trull; contralto, Miss Barclay; tenor, Mr. Miranda; bass, Mr. J. Conkey—the whole forming one of the best quartettes in the city. The style of the music is left to the option of the organist, who shows excellent taste in his selections.

In many respects, the choir at the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood's, on Broadway, opposite Fourth street, is second to none other in the city, and the music of this church is justly celebrated. Mr. Henry C. Timm, the President of the New York Philharmonic Society, officiated as organist here for fifteen years, and has been succeeded by Mr. Edward Howe, Jr., the present incumbent, who has filled this position during the past five years. Mr. Howe is a gentleman of liberal education, has been a professor of music in New York for eighteen years, and has brought to bear in this department an amount of scientific and theoretic as well as practical knowledge, which has greatly enhanced the value of this portion of the church service. The choir is composed of the following talented vocalists: Miss Grenelle, soprano; Miss Rushby, contralto; Mr. Mills, tenor; Mr. Jewett, basso. They use the "Greatorex Collection of Music," the "Church and Home," recently put forth by George Leach, who was for many years connected with this choir, and other books of that class. The music is given in a finished and classical manner, and Mr. Howe's accompaniments are particularly appropriate and adapted.

The organ is an old one, built by the Messrs. Hook, of Boston, but was remodelled, and had important additions made to it, some ten years since, by Crabb, of Flatbush, L. I. It is enclosed in a fine mahogany case, has two ranks of keys, extending from G to F, 26 stops, and a full complement of pedals. The swell is unusually full and fine. When the instrument is used, a jet of gas is kept burning inside of the swell box, the object of which is to keep the swell organ in tune with the great; it is under the control of the organist, and, by the use of this simple arrangement, the pitch can be changed one half tone when it is affected by changes in the temperature. It is the only arrangement of the kind in the country, with the exception of a similar one in the immense organ at Dr. Beman's church, Troy. Both were made by Thomas Robjohn, who has charge of this organ.

The Unitarian Church at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, which has been named "All Souls," and is used by the society of Rev. H. W. Bellows, D.D., presents a very unique appearance externally, as well from the style of its architecture, as from the peculiar arrangement of the building materials in alternate layers of French Caen stone and Philadelphia pressed brick. Internally, it is one of the most elegant and comfortable churches we have. The experiment for increasing the power of the speaker's voice, by placing a paraboloid back of the pulpit, which was so successfully made in Trinity Church under the supervision of Prof. C. W. Hackley, has been repeated here. It is about eight feet in height, in the form of a shell, with a concave surface, painted with a dark ground, upon which is a cross in gilt, surrounded with a "halo" or "glory," and each Sabbath the light of two gas burners is cast upon it. This is, to some extent, carrying out the favorite theory of the pastor, Dr. Bellows, who advocated symbolism connected with worship, in his renowned sermon "The Suspense of Faith." Some radical changes are on the point of being made in the musical department of this church, and, in view of these contemplated changes, we shall not furnish the detail concerning it, with the minuteness which we have observed in speaking of other churches. The organ is a fine one of 34 stops, built by Ferris of this city, and, in architecture, corresponds with the style of the church, the Byzantine. It is played by Mr. Ruopsfeldt, who succeeded Mr. Wm. Scharfenberg. Both are German by birth, and artists of some repute.

The music at the new Unitarian Chapel (Rev. Samuel Longfellow's) on Clinton Street, Brooklyn, deserves more than a passing notice. The well-

known vocalist, Miss Mary E. Hawley, sustains the contralto part in the quartet choir, and much attention is bestowed upon the musical portion of the services. Every alternate Sabbath evening, a vesper service is held, which is almost entirely musical, and highly attractive. The organ, built by Stuart of New York, is small, but adapted to the size of the building, and is very efficiently played by Mr. Colby. The pastor (a brother of Henry W. Longfellow, the poet) is at present in Europe.

At Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, the singing is congregational, led by a large choir under the direction of Mr. J. Zundel, a composer of considerable note, who was formerly organist of St. Ann's Church, St. Petersburg, and latterly of St. Georges, New York. The organ is small, and not such an one as this rich and influential society should possess. One may hear at Mr. Beecher's Church, the finest congregational singing we have in this country. The "Plymouth Collection" is used by choir and congregation; this contains the music as well as the words, and generally it is a well arranged collection. The house is always filled, the congregation a united one—the result of the attachment entertained toward the pastor by his people—and the effect of their 3000 voices heartily united in singing is sometimes thrilling.

In concluding our observations upon this subject, we would remark that with many minds, an erroneous impression exists that the music of some of the churches described in these letters, partakes of an operatic character. The most effectual method of rectifying this error would be for those who experience it to visit some of our churches and note the impressions made upon the mind by the music ordinarily selected.

The manifest improvement in sacred music of late years is due, in part, to the great advance made in the nature of the books published. The books of old and worn out tunes hitherto considered standard, are fast being supplanted by the more modern "Grace Church Collection" of Wm. A. King, "Greatest Collection," by the former organist and director of music at Calvary Church, the "Mozart Collection," and others. Among a large class of our people, there exists a demand for music of a more classical character than was called for a generation since. The time has passed away when selections from the "Billings and Holden" collection would be acceptable to worshippers, and there is no doubt that the generation of Psalm-tune books which followed this collection, will eventually furnish material for another series of "old folks concerts."

The demand of the age is for something elevating and inspiring, which, at the same time, can meet the call of the intellect. Those who attend church service seek, as well from the music as from the preaching, to experience an elevating and holy influence; and while some can experience this from listening to the tunes with the harmony as ordinarily arranged, others require new and varying combinations. By these the genius of such as Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn is better appreciated than the combinations of our modern psalmody composers. In the Grace Church collection of music some of the masterpieces of the great composers are embodied, and it is without exception the finest work of the kind ever published. The organ accompaniments are arranged separately, and are of themselves a study; in their complete harmonization, many of the resources of musical art have been employed, and they can be used with only a soprano or tenor voice to sustain the melody as well as in full chorus. This work, printed from engraved plates in the highest style of art, was originally published by Stanford & Delissier of this city, but the plates have been purchased by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, who now publish it in the original form.

The Greatorex Collection (also published by Ditson & Co.) is a very superior work, containing much good music selected from the standard composers, it is more popular than the Grace Church Collection as the price at which it is published brings it more within the reach of the masses, and it has deservedly attained a wide circulation. These works, although written for use in the Protestant Episcopal Church, more particularly, are equally well adapted to churches of other denominations, and we hope to see them generally adopted, their tendency being to develop a pure and correct taste in this direction.

Music is the highest language of the soul. It is the highest inspiration next to the prophetic, and the time has come when this department of worship has begun to receive its proper attention in our Protestant Churches. We trust that as the age advances in art, science and intellect, more and more thought and attention will be given to develop this inspiring art, and that genius will be well supported and sustained which shall devote itself to the production

and performance of this, the truest prayer and praise.—*Transcript.*

CHICKERING'S PIANOS.—Sitting in the New York Academy of Music at the late Philharmonic concert, we were particularly charmed with the piano performance. Mr. Hoffman is well nigh an inimitable player, but certain it is that the best of players cannot make good music except from a good instrument. From Chickering's piano, which was played on the occasion, every run, scale, phrase, or isolated note reached our ears in its perfect integrity. Not a sound was lost, from the great sweeping chords and ponderous octaves to the most delicate chromatic scale, or pianissimo trill. This is not the case with all pianos. Those from many other factories, although possessing many points, are yet unequal in tone, and the bass not unfrequently entirely drowns the treble. The listener misses the clear, bell-like silvery sweetness of a genuine Chickering, which makes this piano so great a favorite in the parlor, and which was so highly appreciated by Thalberg and Gottschalk. They are the pianos fit for a musical poet. The great reputation which the Chickering's have earned during the past forty years is well-deserved.—*Independent.*

CHINESE MUSIC.—There is a story afloat that a Chinese maestro, Lusing is about to visit Europe on a musical mission, to combat the errors of modern music, and spread throughout the barbarian world the true principles of Chinese music. He will bring with him a Chinese orchestra to produce the compositions of Fo-hi a contemporary of Noah, and those of Pochery To Tis, the Rossini of China, who died only about two hundred years ago. This story *L'Eco d'Italia* gives without comment. It needs none, and will be gladly welcomed by those musicians who can see nothing good in modern music, and chiefly value compositions on account of their age. As they now profess to despise Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Verdi, and gloat on Gluck and Bach, we expect they will soon despise these worthy Teutons, and fasten their affections on Fo-hi, the contemporary of Noah.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

It is said that Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Africaine*, will follow next in succession—that is to say, unless *Les Troyens*, by Hector Berlioz, should find its way to the foot-lamps of the Academy instead—an event which is spoken of, and would beyond gainsay be an act of justice. There have been so many slips between the cup of publicity and the black lips of Meyerbeer's heroine, that she would scarcely be affected by the consequent delay. On the 23d of this month it is announced that there will be an extraordinary performance at the Imperial Opera House. Two hundred executants will perform a selection from the symphonic works of Felicien David, under the conductorship of the composer himself. *The Desert*, the fourth part of *Christophe Colomb*, the overture to *La Perle du Bresil*, and the finale of *Moise au Sinai*, will be included in the programme.

The manager of the Italian Opera has just engaged Mlle. Trebelli for five years. The terms are said to be 200*fr.* a month the first year, 280*fr.* the second, and 320*fr.*, 360*fr.*, and 400*fr.* for the third, fourth, and fifth years. These are not bad terms even for an Italian cantatrice, and the lady, who will make her debut in *Tancredi*, is said to be indebted for so advantageous an engagement to the two brilliant seasons which she has recently carried through at Berlin and Madrid. *The Nozze di Figaro* is in preparation. Mad. Penco, whose engagement has just been renewed, will play Susanna, Mad. Battu the Countess, and Mlle. Dalmonti, whose debuts will continue, the Page. Meanwhile, the Italian pianist, of whom I gave you some notion not long since, is astonishing the audiences at the Salle Ventadour each night of performance with his executive feats. He has himself accompanied by an orchestra, which would seem quite a superfluous measure in his case, for the ubiquitous power of his fingers on the keyboard supplies the place of another pair of hands. One thing is to be said in favor of this hard-hitting gymnast, this "harmonious blacksmith," he conceals the physical effort his feats cost him with a placidity of exterior truly Spartan in its heroism.

Apropos of Mad. Penco's reengagement, and the terms received by Italian artists, it is said that M. Calzadò had to submit to an increase in that lady's demands, and has signed an agreement to pay that 252,000 fr. (10,080*fr.*) for three seasons of seven months, a private box on the stage, and a multitude of other privileges great and small. Signor Gardoni

is to be succeeded by a tenor *leger*, Montanaro by name whose voice is said to be very fresh and very flexible. Signor Angelini, wishing to go to Russia with Signor Graziani, has been allowed to give up his engagement, the management making no demand for compensation, which may be flattering or otherwise as a man may regard it. Mad. Tagliafico, in her normal capacity of comprimaria, will form part of the company. I told you how Signor Beneventano was to supply the place of Signor Graziani, making up in stones' weight of too solid flesh the deficiencies of the spirit. Not even his title of Baron della Piana can, however, exactly be taken in compensation for the defect in his title to rank as first barytone in a first-rato establishment.

The first concert of the season was given last Wednesday at the Tuileries. Their Imperial Majesties do not seem to fare much more delicately in their musical entertainments than do our own Sovereign and consort at their palace of Buckingham. For curiosity's sake, I will transcribe the programme:—1, Trio, *Pré au Clercs*; 2, Duo, *Chaste Suzanne*; 3, *Les Noces Basques*, pastoral scene for the harmonicon of Debain, by M. Lefebvre Wely; 4, Air, *Souge d'une Nuit d'Été*; 5, Chorus and air, *La Circassienne*; 6, Quatuor, by Alary; 7, Duo, *Les Voitures Versées*; 8, Cantique, *Le Domino Noir*; 9, Variations, *les Diamants de la Couronne*; 10, Scène, *La Circassienne*. M. Alary presided at the piano, and the orchestra was conducted by M. Tilmant. A chef de cuisine who should place relatively so vulgarly inspired a carte before his Imperial master and mistress as their programme, would receive the Imperial sack, and most deservedly, nay, would merit exile to an English club-house. The chef de musique of the Imperial household is, on the contrary, "personally felicitated." His Majesty's subjects are either more faithfully served by their music purveyors, or have a better taste which they impose on the programme-maker. For instance, M. Le Président du Sénat, alias M. Troplong, had a concert the other day, a portion whereof were the principal scenes from the *Armide* and *Orphée* of Gluck, "interpreted" (vile word) by Mad. Viardot. Mad. Jardier de Maleville, moreover, played Mozart and Haydn to the guests of the same dignitary of State. To go on with private musical entertainments—*musique de société*—let me mention, first, that Rossini's "Saturday evenings" are brought to a close—dying most Pesaro swanlike and melodiously. On one occasion M. Duprez organised a concert, the personnel of which was entirely composed of his pupils, his own daughter, and M. Vandenheuvel, her husband inclusive, and never were the maestro's salons so crowded. To this succeeded a quieter Saturday, when only four artists exhibited their talents, the basso, Signor Badiali, the new tenor, Signor Montanaro, Signor Perelli, and Signor Bazzini, instrumental, executants, to whom must be added, supplementarily, the Vicomtesse de Grandval.—*Musical World.*

London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme on Monday night was in all respects irreproachable, and in one instance (we allude to the last piece) unusually interesting. We subjoin it in extenso:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in C.....Mozart
Arie, "Sombre forêt" (Guillaume Tell).....Rossini
Septuor in D minor.....Hummel
Duet, "Come, be gay" (Freischütz).....Weber
Overture, "Alchymist".....Spohr

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7.....Beethoven
Arie, "Idole de ma vie" (Robert le Diable).....Meyerbeer
Overture in C major (MS.).....Mendelssohn
Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett Mus. D.

Still more worthy of being dwelt upon was the very admirable performance of Mendelssohn's overture, which is so rarely heard that it came upon the ear with all the freshness of novelty, and on that account, if on no other, was the most striking feature in the programme. The history of this composition, which only exists in manuscript, may not be generally known. In 1833, on the occasion of his second visit to England, Mendelssohn was deputed by the Philharmonic directors to write some pieces for their concerts. The result of this commission, which reflected the highest credit alike on the judgment and spirit of the society, was the overture in question (which, in consequence of the prominence of a particular instrument in the score, Mendelssohn used to call the "Trumpet-Overture"); the scene "Infelice," for soprano, since abridged, otherwise modified, and published; and the Second Symphony (in A major), now enjoying such universal celebrity under the title of the *Italian* symphony—a title invented after Mendelssohn's death, probably by some one who knew more about the composer's intentions than the composer himself. The "Trumpet-Overture," although

MARTHA.

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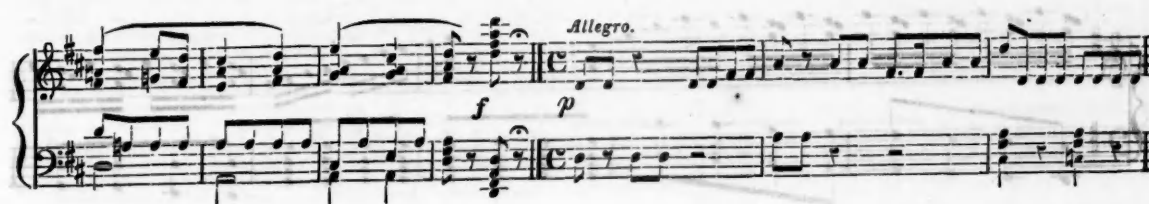
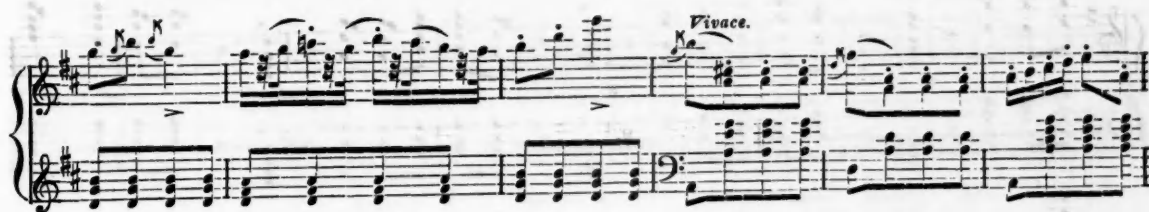
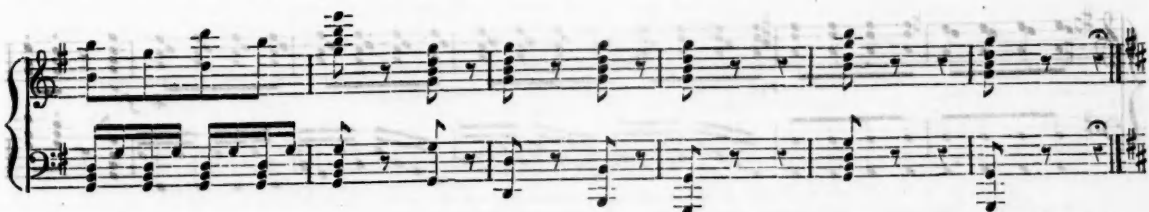
Handwritten musical score for the piece "MARTHA." The score is written for piano and features seven systems of music, each consisting of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble staff containing eighth notes and a bass staff with chords. The second system continues with similar patterns, including a forte (*f*) marking. The third system features a fortissimo (*ff*) marking and a "Ped." (pedal) instruction. The fourth system includes a fortissimo (*ff*) marking. The fifth system shows a change in the bass line with eighth notes. The sixth system continues with chords and eighth notes. The seventh system concludes with a fortissimo (*fz*) marking. The score is printed on aged paper with some visible wear and discoloration.

MARTHA.

This image shows a page of musical notation for a piano piece. It consists of six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes various musical elements such as chords, scales, and dynamic markings. The first system has a forte (f) marking. The second system includes a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking and a forte (f) marking. The third system has a forte (f) marking. The fourth system has a forte (f) marking. The fifth system has a forte (f) marking. The sixth system has a forte (f) marking. The music is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

MARTHA.

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MARTHA.

The musical score for 'MARTHA' is written for piano and features six systems of music. The first system consists of two staves with a treble and bass clef, containing a melody and accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes a 'cresc.' marking and a key signature change to two sharps (D major). The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The fifth system is marked 'Allegro' and includes dynamic markings 'ff', 'dim.', and 'f p'. The sixth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The score is written in a style typical of 19th-century musical publications, with clear notation and dynamic markings.

n some passages reminding us more of Mozart than any other production of Mendelssohn's pen, is a masterpiece in the fullest acceptance of the word, and so delighted every hearer as to warrant its repetition at an early period, when, we beg leave to suggest, it might appropriately be assigned the place of honor in the programme. This, by the way, is one of the many pieces so inconsistently and so obstinately withheld from publication by Mendelssohn's executors. Happily, the Philharmonic Society, having the score and the orchestral parts in their possession, cannot be prevented from introducing it now and then at their concerts. If the rest of Mendelssohn's unpublished compositions are no weaker, there is no conceivable plea for suppressing them. It is to be hoped that before long some reasonable explanation of the line of conduct it has been necessary to pursue with reference to these interesting manuscripts than has been hitherto vouchsafed may be afforded by those from whom the musical world has an unquestionable right to demand it. At all events, the MS. overture on Monday night was a wonderful success.

THE OPERAS.—*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* has now been performed four times, and, as we anticipated, with each repetition, has made strong headway with the public. Deficient in the bright and sparkling, and, consequently taking music of *Maritana* and *Lurline*, it no doubt disappointed many the first night who expected the Balthian and Wallachian tune to prevail everywhere. But Mr. Wallace was determined this time to dig a little beneath the surface, and strive to bring up a great treasure to the light. That he has done so, we believe. The *Amber Witch* is all to nothing his best work—best, not merely because it is more masterly and ambitious, but also because it is more melodious—not perhaps "tuneful," but "tuneful;" as the public are beginning to find out already. In fact, the popular composer of *Maritana* has raised himself higher than ever in the estimation of thinking men by his last opera, and has converted many a sceptic into an admirer. As we shall have next week to give a detail analysis of the music in our review department, we shall not enlarge upon the merits of the opera in this place, but content ourselves with a brief explanation of the book, and a few words about the performance.

The plot of the *Amber Witch* is taken from Dr. Weinhold's well-known novel of that name, which created so profound a sensation in Germany many years ago. The story is divided by Mr. Chorley into four acts. The first reveals Mary, the *Amber Witch* dispensing food and clothing to the inhabitants of Coserow and its vicinity, who are reduced to famine by the consequences of prolonged and disastrous war (the "Thirty Years' War"). She has inspired both an illicit and an honorable love. The Commandant of the district (of Usedom) endeavors to enslave her affections through the intervention of his own servant and Mary's jealous rival Elsie; while Count Rudiger, who has saved the life of her father, a village pastor, woos her in disguise of a peasant, and enlists her sympathy at once. The king being about to visit Coserow in state, Mary is chosen to present him with the congratulations of his loyal subjects; and in the act of discharging this responsibility, is made aware that her supposed peasant lover is Count Rudiger, a favored courtier of the monarch. Nevertheless, the young nobleman finds opportunity to abate her scruples, and amid the bustle of the ceremony, persuades her to grant him an interview at night. In the second act this interview takes place, the scene being the Streckelberg, a hill supposed to be haunted by witches. Here Mary had discovered the source of that secret wealth by means of which she is enabled to relieve her famished compatriots. An exceptional hill, the Streckelberg, contains a vein of amber, the existence of which is only known to our heroine, and which she gathers and sells at market through the immortality of her father. The meeting of the lovers leads to much the same as that of Romeo and Juliet in Capulet's garden. Their plighted eternal troth, but, meanwhile, have been overheard by Elsie and her confederates, who, aided and abetted by the jealous commandant, are devising means of having Mary publicly accused of witchcraft. Their machinations are successful, and in the third act we find the unfortunate *Amber Witch* awaiting her trial in prison. Her only plea is unavailable, a storm having completely swept away the vein of amber. The proffered intercession of the Commandant being indignantly declined, on account of the unworthy conditions that accompany it, Mary is arraigned before the judges, until, moved in an equal degree by the affliction of her father and the threat of torture, she confesses her guilt, and is condemned to the stake. In the interval, Count Rudiger has been incarcerated by his own father, who, inform-

ed of his ignoble attachment through the agency of the commandant, is resolved to prevent its consummation at any cost. The young lover is thus deterred from taking steps on behalf of his mistress; and it is not until the fourth act—when a serviceable *coup de théâtre* makes the obdurate "heavy-parent" die of the effects of a fall from his horse, and installs Count Rudiger in his place, as "Master of Revenstein," that the latter is enabled to "rush to the rescue." He arrives with a competent band of armed retainers at the nick of time. Mary is not to be burnt on the Streckelberg, the scene of her presumed transactions with the evil one, and she having repulsed the proffered aid of the commandant, she is at that instant awaiting her doom. Another opportune arrival, that of the king, is further instrumental in averting the catastrophe. The result will be anticipated. Mary is saved, the Commandant degraded and banished; Elsie dies, as some interpret it, of chagrin and disappointment, while others, judging by the words which Mr. Chorley has put in the mouth of the Commandant—of poison; and the faithful lovers are made happy.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," (Lobgesang).

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. XI.

SYMPHONIES FOR THE PEOPLE.—LIEBIG.

Berlin, Feb. 23, 1861.

The last letters have described musical opportunities of the selecter sort;—the Sinfonie Concerts of the Royal Orchestra, not accessible to the many: the Sixteen-part Mass of Grell, not enjoyable to the many, even were it perfect of its kind. Let us now glance for a moment at the popular side of musical opportunity and culture here in Berlin. Instead, therefore, of proceeding at once to chronicle those experiences which have been worth most, personally, to the writer, and which have been, as it were, new revelations to him of the infinite significance of Music as unfolded in its great forms by great masters; instead of recalling the concerts of the Bach-Verein, the operas of Gluck, the "Fidelio" of Beethoven, the "Paradise and the Peri" of Schumann, the stringed Quartet concerts, &c., &c., let us come back to our indefatigable friend, the people's friend, LIEBIG.

Truly he is a great public musical benefactor, this same Liebig—this grey-haired and fatherly, but yet fresh and rosy-faced, clean, wholesome looking, tranquil, smiling, kindly, energetic, self-possessed, enthusiastic gentleman, who for many years now, four times every week and more, the whole year round, has stood at the head of his well-trained orchestra, now numbering fifty instruments, discoursing to the people,—to men, women and children, assembled in a social, free and easy way, sipping their after-dinner coffee, plying their knitting-needles, or crocheting—discussing all the finest Symphonies and Overtures of Beethoven and all the masters;—playing no trash (at least no longer than until it shall have been ascertained to be trash), but only the noble and immortal tone-poems, the true works of genius. For the people, I say; for the price of admission to such luxury, such refining education of the taste, such opening of genial springs of inspiration amid the dull and slavish routine of most lives, is a mere song—three silver groschen, or say *sephen* and a half cents. (Five groschen

for a single admission). He takes the people as he finds them; does not ask the mountain to come to Mahomet, but brings Mozart and Beethoven to them, into their social haunts, as they take their coffee (and their cigar), "their custom of an afternoon." The little that they pay more for the music, is scarce worth considering.

Liebig is a musical Providence to the Berliners and Berlinerinnen. Without him, how would they (the general public, I mean) get any chance to hear a Symphony? The concerts of the Royal Orchestra, as we have seen, the Sinfonie Concerts, *par excellence*, are a very aristocratic and exclusive institution. The hall is small, and nearly all the tickets are held, and even handed down as heirlooms, in favored families. All the other evenings of the week, that orchestra is employed in the Royal Opera, and not available for concerts. Part of the charm, to the favored few in the Sinfonie Concerts, lies probably in their very exclusiveness. Let them rejoice in their brilliant chandelier light, multiplied in costly mirrors; we of the humbler sort can richly afford not to envy them; for does not Liebig flood us with whole skies full of unobstructed musical sunshine! They get perhaps a dozen Symphonies in the course of a year; we get some hundreds, if we are constant to our Liebig.

And this is not his only service. Music in Berlin has still another cause for gratitude to Liebig. He furnishes the orchestra for most of the great performances of choir and orchestra combined. What would the Sing-Akademie, what would the Bach-Verein, the Stern'sche Gesangverein, and the other important societies do without him? Where would they go for such an orchestra? Neither of them could afford to keep one of its own; and one picked up for the occasion could not answer so well. But if there is to be an oratorio of Handel, or the *Paulus* of Mendelssohn, brought out by the Academy; or the Passion music and the great Cantatas of Bach by the Bach-Verein; or Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," or Bach's great Mass, by Stern's Society,—why, there stands Liebig ready with his orchestra of fifty, all trained to hand, kept in continual practice the year round, like any regiment of the Prussian army, all accustomed to one another, all familiar with the whole repertoire of classical composers. He also, in order to maintain an equal standing, to show himself *ebenbürtig* (as the Germans say), or equal-born, with regular kapellmeisters, gives in the winter a selecter series of Sinfonie Concerts in the hall of the Sing-Akademie, which differ from the others only in the higher admission fee, and in the absence of cigars and coffee—the programmes being not a whit better. Our business now is with the cheap concerts.

Here are data from which to form an estimate of the amount and variety of fine orchestral music, which Liebig brings within the reach of every music-lover, during every year, in Berlin. I have before me the programmes of thirty-four of these concerts, the whole or parts of which I have heard, since the second week in November. And this by no means includes all the concerts that were given. Allowing for the three weeks of total abstinence from concerts during the period of public mourning after the death of the king in January, they represent about as much as one man could well find time or appetite to hear out of three month's worth of Liebig's performances.

Each programme, as a general rule, contains two Symphonies, three Overtures, and some other piece, besides commonly some favorite tit-bit of the public thrown in for an encore. The thirty-four programmes show the following

SYMPHONIES.

EMANUEL BACH. No. 1, (twice played).
HAYDN. Nos. 7; 12 (in D); 13 (C); 14 (D); 15 (B flat), twice; 16 (E flat); 17 (E flat); 19 (C); 21 (E flat), twice; 28 (A), twice; and the Military Symphony (twice).
MOZART. No. 1 (in D); 3 (E flat); 5 (D); 10 (C), not the "Jupiter"; 11 (B flat); 12 (G); 13 (G minor), twice; 14 (D); 15 (E flat); and "Jupiter" in C.
BEETHOVEN. Nos. 1 (in C), three times; 2 (D), three times; 3 (Eroica); 4 (B flat); 5 (C minor) three times; 6 (Pastorale); 7 (A), twice; 8 (F), 4 times; 9 (without the chorus).
WEBER. Sinf. No. 1 (in C).
ROMBERG. In E flat major (twice); Trauer Sinfonie.
MENDELSSOHN. In A minor ("Scotch"), twice; in A major ("Italian"); early Sinf. in C minor; *Lobgesang*.
SCHUMANN. No. 3 (in E flat), three times.
DORN. Sinf. in F major, twice.
ULRICH. In B minor.
L. MAURER. In F minor.
A. FISCHER. In A major, twice.

OVERTURES.

GLUCK. Alceste; Iphigenia in Aulis.
HAYDN. Introd. to "Creation."
MOZART. Zauberflöte, (twice); Titus; Idomeneo; Villanella rapita; Don Juan, (twice).
BEETHOVEN. Egmont (3 times); Leonora, No. 1 (twice), No. 2 (three times), No. 3 (twice); Fidelio (twice); Coriolan (three times); Men of Prometheus.
WEBER. Oberon (three times); Euryanthe (twice); Freyschütz (twice); Jubilee (twice).
SPONTINI. Die Vestalin; Olympia.
CHERUBINI. Lodoiska (twice); Anacreon.
RIGHINI. Armida.
ABT VOGEL. Demophoon.
SPOHR. Jessonda (twice); Faust (three times).
MEHL. Joseph and his Brethren.
BOIELDIEU. La Dame Blanche (twice); Caliph of Bagdad (twice).
ROSSINI. William Tell (twice); La Gazza Ladra (twice).
ONSLow. Der Hausirer (the pedlar).
MENDELSSOHN. Midsummer Night's Dream (3 times); Ray Blas (twice); Athalia; Hebriden (twice); Paulus; Antigone.
SCHUMANN. Genoveva; Manfred.
GABE. Echoes from Ossian.
LINDPAINTEUR. Faust (twice).
NICOLAI. Merry Wives of Windsor.
WAGNER. Tannhäuser; Introduction to "Lohengrin" (twice).
RIETZ. Concert Overture.
URBAN. Concert Overture.
MARIE MOODY. Conc. Overture, No. 1; Do., No. 2; Do., No. 3 ("Lear and Cordelia").
WUERST. Ein Märchen (Fairy Legend).
DEFFE. Don Carlos (twice).
REHBAUM. Dornröschen.
MEJO. On the Choral: "Ach, bleib' mit deiner Gnade."
SCHULZ. Faust.
G. VIERLING. Im Frühling (twice).
TAUBERT. Fest Overture (three times); Blue Beard (three times).

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BEETHOVEN. The entire "Egmont" music (entr'actes, &c.) (twice). Andante from Sonata in A, (arranged for orchestra). Turkish March, from "Ruins of Athens." Septuor, entire, in original form. "Adelaide," for Orchestra. Adagio from 9th Symphony. Scherzo, do. First movement, do. Romanza in F, (violin and orchestra. Parts of the Choral Fantasia (twice).
MOZART. "Die Dorf- und Stadtmusikanten." Comic Sextet (twice). Fantasia and Sonate, in C minor, arranged (three times). Finale to *Zauberflöte*. Finales to both acts of *Don Juan* (twice).
WAGNER. Procession of women from *Lohengrin*. Song from *Tannhäuser*. Bridal Chorus, from *Lohengrin*.
HANDEL. Pastoral Symphony, from "Messiah."
MENDELSSOHN. Scherzo from *Sommernachts Traum*. Finale to *Lorelei*. Spring Song, arranged for orchestra (a dozen times).
GOUNOD. Bach's first Prelude with modern melody (repeatedly).

ABT VOGEL. Andante from Symphony (twice).
WEBER. Invitation to the Dance, arranged by Berlioz (repeatedly).

SCHUMANN. Chorus from "Paradise and Peri," arranged for orchestra.

ROSSINI. *Cujus animam*, for orchestra.

PRINCE RADZIWIŁŁ. Choruses to "Faust."

MEYERBEER. Schiller March (twice).

This is a mere catalogue, to be sure. But every musical person will find it significant. It contains all the best and well known Symphonies of the four great Symphonic masters, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, besides many of their works which elsewhere seldom or never find their way now into public performance. It contains pretty copious and varied specimens of other writers in this form, both of the most modern, and of older ones which have chiefly a historical interest. In the overtures and other important works of the same composers, it is equally rich. Is there another city in the world where so much as a tithe of all this is accessible, in any three months, or three years, to the great mass of the music-loving people? Is not this a privilege, in respect to culture, to refining influences and cheerful opportunities, to be envied? Truly in this respect the Berliners are a favored people, although they lack some great advantages of our free land too precious to be exchanged even for Art and Music,—advantages, however, of which we ourselves shall never know the real value, and never be quite secured in their continuance, until they shall go hand in hand with these.

—But here time cuts me short. I wish to notice more particularly the manner in which Liebig makes up his programmes. D.

Italian Opera.

The troupe of the "Associated Artists" has left us after a prosperous season of four weeks, in which, we are told by a contemporary curious and well informed in such statistics, their receipts amounted to twenty-four thousand dollars, leaving them a clear profit of six thousand, after paying full salaries to the members of the company. A goodly return for performances often given during storms of unusual severity.

Don Giovanni was given on Wednesday of last week to a full house. Mad. COLSON was the Donna Anna, of course, and sang it admirably, giving with much fine effect the generally omitted air, *Non mi dir*. We have heard many good Donna Annas here, and Mad. Colson will bear the comparison with any of them. STIGELI was the Don Ottavio and sang *Il mio tesoro* finely, but the insipid lover of Donna Anna is no congenial character for him, and beyond the beautiful song he finds little scope in the part for his best efforts. Miss PHILLIPS was the Zerlina of the evening, and gave the music better than we should have supposed the natural range of her voice would have permitted her, singing with taste and discretion, and we need not say, acting the part effectively and in good taste. Perhaps, her Zerlina was scarcely simple enough for Mozart's little peasant girl, who listens at one moment to the artful flatteries of Don Juan and the next weeps over the piteous tale of Masetto, hardly knowing what she is about in either case, her foolish head completely turned by the soft words of either. Miss HINCKLEY, we were told by the bills, kindly consented to assume the part of Donna Elvira! A wonderful condescension indeed! What is art coming to, if it is blazoned as a favor on the part of a young singer, to be willing to take a leading part in this immortal work of Mozart. Is it not the artist who is honored by being thought capable of filling it, and is it not a worthy object of ambition for any singer to aid in giving completeness and due effect to the production of this masterpiece? Miss Hinckley did it very well, perhaps as well as any of her predecessors in the character. FERRI was a fair Don Giovanni, and SUSINI an amusing Leporello, singing some things very well, being in better voice than usual. The whole performance was a reasonably satisfactory one, the parts being equally balanced and intelligently supported.

The Barber was given on Thursday instead of Moses which had been promised, the change of opera,

of course making a thin house. The performance was a lively merry one, as it generally is, the artists seeming to enjoy the fun as well as the music, and to enter into it with a zest that is apt to hurry them a little beyond due bounds. FERRI was the Figaro and a very satisfactory one. BRIGNOLI, SUSINI and BARILI taking the Count, Bartolo and Basilio, and all very effectively. Miss HINCKLEY was the Rosina, and acquitted herself with much credit. She sang the *Una voce*, in very good style and introduced a brilliant *bravura* waltz in the singing lesson, which she sang finely, being enthusiastically applauded and obliged to repeat it. She entered with spirit into the comedy, and the whole performance, in spite of some imperfections and a little excess of fun at times, was on the whole a very enjoyable and pleasant one.

I Puritani was sung on Friday and Miss KELLOGG attempted a bold and not altogether successful experiment in venturing to assume the rôle of Elvira. This part in which the memory of Grisi is still so fresh, is one that requires more maturely developed powers than those of our young prima donna, to render with proper effect. She did some things well, nevertheless. *Son Vergine vezzosa*, was sung with brilliant execution being warmly applauded, and rewarded by the customary tribute of bouquets. But as a whole, she did not make a marked impression in this character, and will never be recollected in it or identified with it as she may be with Linda or even La Sonnambula. Very much too, of the music was omitted, probably to adapt it to her powers of execution or endurance. With this we have fault to find. A true artist should not, would not attempt a great part in this skeleton fashion, giving only sparkling morceaux and cutting other parts vitally essential to the dramatic unity of the plot. Better not soar so high till the wings are strong enough to complete the flight, so will the artist be safe alike from the perils of falling from the dizzy height and from being touched by the shafts that are levelled by critics on every side. BRIGNOLI sang in his usual faultless manner and Ferri and Susini well represented the Puritan colonels, exciting the accustomed popular enthusiasm by their spirited singing of the famous *Suoni la tromba*. The important part of the Queen Henrietta, in the hands of Mad. Avogadro, was worse than nothing. Here was another opportunity for some of the ladies of the troupe who were competent, to show a true artistic ambition by filling the part, thus aiding to give a complete and worthy representation of a great work. When shall we have singers who are also true artists, who so love their art as to be willing at times to assume a place a little lower than the highest, for the honor of Art?

La Juive was performed for the fourth time on Saturday afternoon, being the last performance of the season. We need not say that we enjoyed this additional chance of hearing this opera. The only change was the substitution of Lotti for Scola, in the part of Leopoldo; a somewhat smaller man with a somewhat larger voice than his predecessor. The music written for this character demands a first-class tenor, and the dramatic importance of the part is very great. We could not but wish to hear BRIGNOLI in the part, and speculate what Stigeli might not make of it, were he Leopoldo and not the Jew. With such a voice as either of these in this part, what a fine cast we should have had of *La Juive*. It is vain to hope for such good fortune as to see two such tenors singing together in the same opera. Here is the chance. When will Signor Brignoli improve it? The orchestra was reduced to its usual size, at this performance, and the opera was given almost complete, with such short pauses between the acts that it was compressed into three hours.

So ends a season of Italian opera very pleasant to the hearers, and very creditable to the artists. They have given us two new operas of great interest, two native prima donnas of great promise and good performance, who will be remembered here with pleasure and have left a decided impression of unusual talent upon the audiences who have heard them. They will always be welcomed with pleasure. They have had another prima donna, Mad. COLSON, of long acknowledged talent and a reputation that increases with every effort that she makes; two rival tenors, each unrivalled in their way, a contralto, a

Boston girl, who is *not* without honor in her own city but always gladly welcomed, not only esteemed for her talent as an artist but respected for her excellent private character. Add to these such voices as those of Ferri and Susini, and we must confess to having been favored with a troupe of unusual talent.

Signor Muzio, the conductor, has done his work well, and is entitled to be honorably mentioned in a review of the season. The business management has been well conducted, as is evinced by the pecuniary success of the troupe and the comparatively few disappointments of any kind that the public has suffered during the season. If the company had done some things in the way we have suggested they *might* have been done, we should have little fault to find.

Organ Concert.

The Organ Concert at Tremont Temple, on Fast-day, given by Mr. GEO. E. WHITING, came too late to receive a notice in our last week's issue. Here is the programme :

PART FIRST.

1. Grand Sonata in F minor, (Op. 65, No. 1.).....Mendelssohn
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
2. Chorus, Mighty Jehovah, "Lucresia Borgia".....Donizetti
Bowdoin St. Choir.
3. {a Organ Fugue in G minor.....Bach
b Overture, "Oberon".....Von Weber
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
4. Chorus, Joy is over, "Lucresia Borgia".....Donizetti
Bowdoin St. Choir.
5. Fantasia for Organ in E minor.....G. E. Whiting

PART SECOND.

1. Prelude and Fugue in C minor, (Op. 37, No. 1.)
Mendelssohn
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
2. Chorus, The Regatta, "Lucresia Borgia".....Donizetti
Bowdoin St. Choir.
3. {a Variations on "God save the Queen".....Rink
b Andante from Mendelssohn's 4th Italian Symphony.
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
4. Chorus, Father in Heaven, "Maennello".....Auber
Bowdoin St. Choir.
5. Overture, "Guillaume Tell," (by request).....Rossini
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.

Mr. WHITING is a very young man and is said to have studied by himself with the exception latterly of a short course of instruction. If so he deserves great credit for having dared to attack such a programme as that above. The word "attack" seems exactly to express his style of playing, indeed a musical friend who sat by our side would fervently ejaculate at the close of each piece "tremendous execution!" He is a very nervous man, evidently, and his nervousness crept into his performance, more evident in the fugue perhaps, than elsewhere, which as he played it was a grand rush, the time all too fast and consequently one tone hard on the heels of another. The movement of a fugue should certainly be clear and distinct, preserving a certain dignity in its greatest haste.

We are certainly right in supposing that the test of an overture upon the organ, is successful imitation of the orchestra. The organ has the materials, as many of its stops are voiced expressly to imitate the orchestra, truly instrumental. Mr. Whiting's overtures, by this standard, fell short, he did not make good use of his materials, and we missed that perfect connection between the passages so satisfying in a superior orchestra; there was too much patchwork. However, Mr. Whiting is a most promising musician and in his Fantasia he was very successful. It has a character of its own, making it truly original. Many of these compositions are original only in virtue of their want of character. The choruses were only well rendered, showing faithful drill, but needing sadly the electrifying influence of a resolute baton. There was an unpleasant see-saw in the time between the organ and chorus in the first pieces. However, the audience were delighted, either with the music or the swift heels of the organist, and we have no right to complain.

Mr. S. B. BALL gave his annual concert last Tuesday evening, at the School-street Church. Beside his quartette, he had the volunteered assistance of a number of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom are his pupils. The church was well filled, and the programme, which consisted of choruses, part songs, solos, &c., was quite creditably performed, considering that it was amateur talent. Some of the solos deserve particular mention, but we have not space. Mr. Ball was agreeably surprised at the close of the concert, by the gift of a valuable diamond pin, from his pupils.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are to conclude their series of parlor concerts in this place by a public concert in Lyceum Hall, on Friday, April 19th, and will give Beethoven's Septette and Schubert's Octette, on their programme. Our Cambridge readers should not forget this concert.

The Polyhymnia, a vocal organization consisting of boys and men from the Church of the Advent choir gave a well attended concert at Williams' Hall, on Fast Day eve. The programme comprised a variety of sacred and secular music. Among the former were some of the fine old English Anthems. These pieces were sung correctly but without animation and suffered much from a too heavy organ-accompaniment. Occasionally only, we got a glimpse of the heavenly tone-body of the boys' voices. To our taste the merest outline of an accompaniment would have sufficed. The boys did not need any support from the organ; they came in promptly and firmly as well as true in pitch. This chorus might do a great deal of good by bringing to our hearing part of the Berlin Dom-Chor's repertoire of pieces. Love songs of which the second part had some, are of doubtful propriety for boy's voices, whose tone-color very naturally lacks that warmth which is necessary to portray emotions of the heart.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, MARCH 29, 1861.—All the scenic display of the Grand Opera, the preparations that had lasted for six months, the co-operation of the best artists could not ensure the success of Tannhäuser. On the evening of the first representation it might well be doubted whether the failure was real or only apparent. The very novelty of the performance elicited a degree of attention which prevented the full explosion of the discontented. Ulterior performances the piece however, can leave no doubt in the minds of those who were still unwilling to abandon the hope of success on the first evening.

Wagner attacks in every portion of his work what he styles the conventional rules of the Italian opera. Even the most sanguine admirers and upholders of system had not calculated upon the co-operation of the musical critics of the capital. Indeed Wagner has always made light of the opinions of the press. He does not hesitate to assert in one of his theoretical works that he believes himself to be prejudged by the writers of the musical feuilletons. It is to the public he appeals, "that public whose taste has not been altogether corrupted by Italian melody." The Paris public must in Mr. Wagner's opinion now, be as corrupted in taste as the Paris critics, for it has judged his Tannhäuser with even less respect. The press had praised certain passages of the work at least, these very passages were received with hisses and interrupted at the second representation.

It seems pretty certain now that the work will be withdrawn. The tumult was so great last Sunday that it was expected every moment that some representative of police authority would make his appearance on the stage requesting the public, in that polite way which is in order in France, to desist from any manifestation of satisfaction. The presence of the Emperor is generally all sufficient to keep the most turbulent audience within bounds. In this case it was not so. Although he himself gave the signal of applause, that applause was immediately met by hisses and occasionally by works little complimentary to those who seemed to conform to the Imperial taste. On the second evening when the applauders and hisses were about divided, in the middle of the second act, the Emperor appeared in his box. All who saw him make his appearance immediately turned and applauded. Those on the same side of the house as the Imperial loge not comprehending the cause of the increased applause made a counter demonstration. It was several minutes before the tumult could be appeased. Such scenes were renewed several times. The orchestra, the actors found favor with the public. It was the composer himself on whom the dissatisfaction seemed to concentrate. Once Niemann, who personated the character of

Tannhäuser threw up his arms and stopped as if begging the audience for silence. This action was met by unequivocal marks of encouragement for the artist. Nothing but the music itself was the subject of disapprobation.

The failure of the Tannhäuser may be better appreciated from a few citations. The general spirit of criticism may be inferred from the following specimen. It is Fiorentino who writes.

"People imagine that an imperturbable assurance is sufficient to impose one's self upon a public the most railing, skeptical and keen-sighted in the world. There were the other evening at the opera twenty French composers who each have written works superior to anything Mr. Wagner has ever done, and it is in presence of these masters he comes and erects himself into an inspired reformer, an infallible genius."

Little enough is said about the music, perhaps those gentlemen whom the composer seems to have treated with little deference do not deem it worthy of criticism but only of abuse. This they give plentifully. And the legend, the plot, even they cannot digest.

"The legend of Tannhäuser is popular in Germany. The celebrated Tieck has converted it into a tale which we are told is taught to children. Happy young German intellects that are fit from the cradle for such heavy food!"

Without wishing to defend Wagner's system one cannot but be impressed with the injustice, the shallowness, the narrow-mindedness of the spirit that has called forth the majority of the remarks that have been current in the Paris press respecting a work which if it deserve nothing more, deserves at least a serious refutation of the principles upon which it is constructed.

We may expect soon a parody of the piece by Delacour and Lambert-Thiboust. It is to be produced at the Varieties under the title of *Ya mein Herr*. A large caricature in one of the weekly papers represents a bard accompanying his song with a harp, his hearers falling asleep about him. Beneath are the words, "Germany still uneasy in the possession of her Rhine-provinces sends the Tannhäuser to Paris to put the French asleep."

Of the new pieces of the last fortnight may be mentioned: At the Odeon *Le Jaloux du Passé* by M. Scholl; at the Palais Royal *Arriens les fraix*; at the Gaité, *La Fille des chiffonniers* a melodrama by Anicet Bourgeois and Dagué; at the Bouffes-Parisiens, *Le Pont des Soupirs*, opera bouffe in two acts by Crémieux and Halévy, music by Offenbach. At the Vaudeville *La femme est troublée* by Dumanoir and de Courcelles.

At the Gymnase a beautiful little Vaudeville was represented last week. It is entitled *Les Trembleurs*, and is written by Dumanoir and Clairville. The hero Monsieur Bruneau trembles constantly at the political state of affairs. He scents war, revolution, invasion in every breeze. He never fails to read the journals which by their detailed accounts of insurrections, and dissatisfactions in every part of Europe render his nights sleepless. The piece is full of pointed couplets which applying well to the present are received with great applause.

At the Italian Opera Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was given last week.

The reception of the new ballet by Derley and Petitpa at the Grand Opera contrasted with that of the Tannhäuser. *Graziosa* was composed expressly to show the power of Mme. Ferraris in its fullest relief.

It was on Monday last, March 25, that Madame Ristori made her first appearance at the theatre of the Odeon in the new piece of Ernest Legouvé *La Madone de l'Art*. Having been unable to witness this performance I shall in a future letter revert to this great Italian artist who now presents herself before the French public acting in a language not her own.

It is said that the work of M. Legouvé was inspired by Mad. Ristori herself. The subject is the love of a German prince for a great tragic actress Beatrix. His rank is an unsurmountable barrier to their union. "I love you but never will be your mistress," is the declaration of Beatrix, who henceforth has no other love but art. The moral aim of the piece is to show how really great genius is when it walks hand in hand with virtue. To-day being Good Friday, all the theatres of the capital are closed. F. B.

PITTSFIELD, APRIL 3, 1861.—Notwithstanding the severest snow storm that ever descended from April skies, a select company were assembled last evening at a "soirée musicale" given here by the pupils of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute. Had you been present, Mr. Editor, I doubt not you would agree with me in the opinion that the performances were as well worthy of being styled a "Grand vocal and instrumental concert," as many given under that name in our cities. I send you a programme, by which you will see that the pieces performed were indeed worthy of artists, and were such as those who are ambitious to enter the heaven of the Tone-art, and realize all its glorious wonders, will appreciate and enjoy.

PART I.

1. Overture—Guillaume Tell.....Rossini
Misses Julia C. Clark and Harriet A. Hall.
2. Scotch Ballad.....
Miss Helen Macgregor.
3. Polonaise—Op. 26.....Chopin
Miss S. Louise Monroe.
4. Terzetto—"Erastella del mattino".....Mercadante
Misses Macgregor, Clark and Hall.
5. Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn
Miss Elizabeth F. Merrill.
6. Aria—"Dove sono".....Mozart
Miss S. L. Munroe.
7. Moonlight sonata.....Beethoven
Miss H. Macgregor.

PART II.

8. Grand Duo—Op. 114.....F. Schubert
Misses S. L. Monroe and E. F. Merrill.

A taste of the sweet and gentle sadness of Chopin, of the weird and fairy-like harmonies of Mendelssohn, one of the noblest of Mozart's melodies, the wonderful sonata of Beethoven, so gentle and so sad in its beginning, so overwhelming the astonished listener, as it proceeds in its wild movement;—and then, how can I do justice to that "grand" work of Schubert, in the weakness of language and pen? One must hear and enjoy it, in order to realize its beauty and power. May you soon have opportunity to enjoy it as well as I did last evening. The execution of these and all the pieces of the programme was rare indeed, called for no indulgence on the score of dilettantism. The performers must indeed possess natural talent, and also have had the advantage of rare training in all those departments which enable the pupil to render the meaning and intentions of such authors with such skill.

I learn from their catalogue just published that this Musical Institute thus closes its fifth year, having instructed one hundred and fifty-three pupils, of whom twenty-two are or have been teaching successfully, in various parts of the country. May the teachers emulate their master in the high standard to which he earnestly endeavor to raise all who come within his influence, in regard to the class of Music which should receive attention and the manner of teaching and studying it. L. M. R.

TERRE HAUTE, (Ia)—Being compelled about six weeks ago to stay over night in Terre Haute, Indiana, your correspondent was induced to visit an exhibition concert given by the pupils of Mr. Meininger, Prof. of music in the Female College of that place. Having some knowledge of music, I am compelled to say that I was so astonished with the performance of those scholars, both in vocal and instrumental music, that I determined to speak of it to the public through your worthy journal, as sufficient praise can hardly be bestowed upon the professor for his ability and faithful discharge of his duty. One young Miss (whose name I have since forgotten) played the piano in a style, that is not often found in this country from older hands. A. K.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 22, 1861.—Not seeing any notice of the Harmonia First Concert in your interesting paper and knowing the scarcity of musical news in this city I take the liberty of giving you a sketch of the concert of 21st inst.

The programme contained a choice selection of concerted pieces and solos given by the best talent of the society. The choruses were well rendered, particularly the "Morning Prayer" from Dr. Meignen's "Deluge," and the Bacchanalian Chorus from Darley's Cities of the Plain. The gentleman who sang the Bass Solo in Moses, needs considerable study and finish before attempting such parts, but as a whole this chorus was well sung. A duet from Semiramide by two young ladies was very well given, although one might desire a little expression in singing dramatic music. The Trio from Belisario was sung with spirit and feeling, the soprano having a voice of unusual sweetness and clearness, the bass and tenor were of unusual good quality for amateurs. The aria from Nabucco for mezzo-soprano was rendered tolerably; the singer evidently prides herself upon her low notes which are not however, as good in quality as the higher ones, being too husky, and it will be necessary for her to study Italian as her pronunciation is horrible. A Quartette from the Bohemian Girl was very well rendered and appeared to give satisfaction, in fact it was not as well sung by the last opera troupe in this city. Prof. Bishop's Ballad was given in his usual style and well merited the hearty applause it received. "Una voce," from the Barbiere was tolerably well given by a statue-like young lady; the time was entirely too slow, it being a lively piece requiring the quickest movement and most brilliant execution. A Duet called "Addio," by Donizetti was very well sung but was lacking in expression. An Aria from Gemma di Vergy was next given by the soprano before spoken of in the Trio. The rendering of this piece was the gem of the evening the execution style and expression being faultless, this young lady appears to possess a voice of unusual register, singing from "C" in alt down to "A" in this piece and with uncommon strength. The next a male quartette by Darley, was well rendered (if we except a mistake made by the bass), and met with hearty applause, then followed a Duet from Trovatore for mezzo-soprano and tenor, very effectively sung, and we were reminded rather forcibly of Brignoli by this tenor who possesses a fine full chest-voice of unusual sweetness; he should apply himself to study and a few years hence he will occupy a prominent place among the talent of this city, the lady acquitted herself with great credit, singing with expression, showing the proper appreciation of the music; in fact, this piece has been very seldom, if ever sung better on the stage. The closing feature was the "Star Spangled Banner," solo and chorus. The solo parts were sustained by a young lady dressed in costume supposed to represent the Goddess of Liberty, quite a novelty at a Harmonia Concert, and a young gentleman formerly a member of the Cooper Opera Troupe filled the tenor and he sang with great spirit and expression, the lady however sang through her nose, which marred the effect considerably, probably the heavy crown of stars surmounting her head was the cause. I do not like fancy ball costumes in the concert room, particularly when given by a sacred musical society.

The audience rose whilst singing the national anthem, and although it met with much applause still it was not encored. Taking the concert as a whole it was a success, we must not expect to find perfection in amateurs, but all engaged may with study become good if not first class concert singers.

Yours,

VERDI.

CINCINNATI, MARCH.—The Cecilia Society performed in their fourth regular concert—fifth season Gade's composition "Erking's daughter," for Soli, chorus and orchestra in a highly creditable manner. In the first, miscellaneous, part of the concert Miss Raymond the Contralto, and Mr. Werner, the Pianist, distinguished themselves.

Special Notices.

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LATEST MUSIC.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Rock me to sleep, mother. Frank Wood. 25

A very pleasing composition, the more than charming words by "Florence Percy." The public will not be slow to recognize its merits, and we predict for it a wide popularity.

Annabel Lee. Song. E. F. Falconnet, 60

A piece which has evidently been a work of love with the author. Its general plan is well conceived and the details are carefully finished and show consummate taste and musician-ship.

O the dear delight of dancing. Montgomery. 25

A humorous song; easy and very amusing.

I'd be a star. With guitar accompaniment.) C. J. Dorn. 25

Molly Bawn. " " Curtiss. 25

Two popular songs, newly arranged for guitar players.

Instrumental Music.

Russian Medley. Charles Grobe. 50

Russia has a great many airs which are peculiar to her. They have always been favorites with arrangers. From Thalberg to Beyer almost every composer of note has paid tribute to the beauty of these Russian melodies. In this medley they are gathered like a bunch of flowers, each in its own plain and beautiful garb, unadorned by the glittering network of embellishments which they are often hidden in. It is a very pleasing combination.

Willie's favorite Quickstep. S. A. Earle. 25

Great Western Galop. A. Rossi. 25

Two pretty trifles. Good recreation pieces for scholars.

La mia letizia. (In tears I pine). Cavatina from "I Lombardi." Transcribed. A. Baumbach. 35

An effective arrangement of this popular air of Verdi's, just difficult enough to make it attractive to even the advanced pianist. As there has not been any arrangement of this melody, well-known and much admired as it is, our amateurs will not be slow to get a copy.

Lilla March. Junior. 5

Nightingale and Cuckoo Waltz. M. Perabo. 10

Prairie Polka. Ernst Perabo. 15

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